

עֲזִי וְזִמְרָתִי יְהוָה

“My Strength and Song is God”

Psalm 118: 14

HYMNS OF PRAISE
AND
PRAYER

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF
CONGREGATION ADATH JESHURUN

BY
MAX D. KLEIN
RABBI

PHILADELPHIA

1926 - 5686

LOVINGLY DEDICATED
to the Memory of
REVEREND ALEXANDER GROSS
Cantor of Congregation Adath Jeshurun
1891 - 1924
Born,
December 4, 1845
Died,
March 11, 1924

PREFACE

In sending forth this volume of hymns for the use of the congregation, I desire to record my deepest thanks to those whose words I have included in this collection. I feel certain that it will be a source of happiness to them to know that their words will be sung by thousands who never sang them before.

In accordance with the practise in hymnology, I have taken the liberty to alter original texts either in language, for the clarification of thought, or in metre for the sake of melody, when I felt that the change would make the hymn more adapted to the needs of the congregation. I have indicated through two stars wherever hymns have been rewritten or considerably altered by me.

It has been a labor of love to edit this volume and a still greater labor of love to write the words of my own hymns. I lay them all now before the congregation in the fond hope that they may help us find solace in our griefs, and at all times inspiration for our work; that through these hymns of praise, prayer and aspiration we may come closer to God and man.

In dedicating my work and its fruits to the memory of the Reverend Alexander Gross who led this congregation in worship for thirty years, I am paying a tribute to one who was a beloved minister in his own congregation and widely esteemed in the community at large. May the memory of a faithful servant of God, now further associated with our worship through these hymns, remain an abiding inspiration in our midst.

May God grant us and the whole House of Israel his blessing in the year about to begin.

M. D. K.

Philadelphia, August 1926
Elul 5686

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*—Hymn altered by others

**—Hymn altered by present Editor

Sel.—Only parts of the original selected for use

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1 Israel's Offering of Praise

O God of Israel, thee we bring
Our heart's most gladsome offering.

We come with praise!

O thou our God, our fathers' God,
As theirs, now ours, the shepherd rod,
With whom the sage and prophet
trod
Through all their days!

From us dear God, O ne'er depart;
Thy law be written in each heart
Forevermore!

O may thy good and loving hand,
Still guiding Israel's scattered band,
Protect us all in every land
On every shore!

Come now, our God, our Strength
and Peace,

Our joys enlarge and ills decrease,
Our prayer attend!

O, Father, come, thy people bless,
Send us thy truth and goodliness.
Make thine own peace and gentle-
ness
On us descend!

MAX D. KLEIN

2 Dedication Hymn

O God accept the gift we bring
This house of prayer at last complete;
Now as a grateful offering
We gladly lay it at thy feet.
All was thine own ere it was ours,
And since 'tis ours, 'tis thine the more;
For we are thine and all our powers,
O thou our Life, whom we adore.

And here to-day we pause, O God,
To think of them no longer here,
Who while on earth before thee trod,
With their whole heart and soul sincere.
O may their memory still remain,
To fill this house with holy fire;
O may their voice be heard again,
And us to nobler life inspire.

Long be this spot a sacred place,
Where burdened hearts may meet to pray,
Look upward to a Father's grace,
And find their burdens melt away.
May Israel's longing here find voice,
And Israel's hopes our bosoms nerve;
May all who here abide, rejoice,
That come to pray and go to serve.

This House we dedicate to Light!
Its School to Torah—Israel's Guide;
To Faith and Prayer, to Truth and Right—
O let thy spirit here abide.
As shines the light-house by the sea,
To guide the sailor on his way,
So may thy house a beacon be,
To light men onward toward the day.

JOHN SUTHERLAND
MAX D. KLEIN

Hymn of Glory

*"I will chant sweet hymns, and songs
will I compose"—Hebrew poem.*

Sweet hymns and songs will I indite,
And sing of thee, by day and night—
Of thee, who art my soul's delight.

Thy glory shall my discourse be,
In images I picture thee,
Although thyself I cannot see.

O thou whose word is truth alway,
Thy people seek thy face this day;
O be thou near them when they pray.

My meditation day and night,
May it be pleasant in thy sight,
For thou art all my soul's delight.

ALICE LUCAS (sel.)
Translated from the Hebrew of Judah the Pious.

O God of Truth

O God of truth, who makest bright,
All souls that long for purer light,
Appear, and on our darkness shine;
Be thou, O God, our Guide divine.

O God of power, whose might doth
 dwell
In souls and minds that love thee
 well,
Unto their drooping hearts draw
 near,
And with thy love dispel their fear.

O God of joy who makest glad,
Each broken heart by wrong made
 sad,
O give to grieving souls thy cheer,
Attune their hearts thy voice to hear.

And keep us, when once freed from
 ill,
Firm in thy way, true to thy will,
That we may no more go astray,
From thee, from joy, from light,
 from day.

THOMAS H. GILL
MAX D. KLEIN

Constant Praise

"Early will I seek thee"

When day dawns, I seek thee,
 Rock and Refuge, strong;
 When night falls, I greet thee,
 With my evening song.
 Yet, when, in thy presence
 Standing, am aware,
 That thine eye discerneth
 My heart's praise and prayer.

Then in truth what is it
 Heart and tongue can do?
 Weak indeed my strength is
 And my spirit too.
 Yet, forsooth, man's singing,
 May seem good to thee;
 Then, while I have being,
 I shall sing to thee.

MAX D. KLEIN
 Translated from the Hebrew of
 SOLOMON IBN GABRIEL

Constant Prayer

Pray when the morn unveileth
 Her glories to thine eye;
 Pray when the sunlight faileth,
 And stars usurp the sky;
 Far from thy bosom flinging
 Each worldly thought impure,
 The praise of God be singing,
 O man, for evermore.

Pray for the friend whose kindness
 Ne'er failed in word or deed;
 Pray for the foe whose blindness
 Hath caused thy heart to bleed.
 A blessing for thy neighbor
 Ask thou of God above;
 And on thy hallowed labor
 Shall fall his smile of love.

Beside the stranger's altar,
 Or at thy proper shrine,
 Let not thy accents falter
 In uttering truths divine.
 But e'en when life is waning,
 Thy faith with zeal declare;
 One God alone is reigning
 Whose worship none may share.

PENINA MOISE

Morning Praise

*"Every day will I bless thee"—
Psalm 145:2*

In the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise;
With his kind protection blest,
Sweet and deep has been my rest.

In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every inward sin.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

Prayer for Guidance

O Lord, my God, to thee I pray
For knowledge and for light,
That from thy path I may not stray
When darkness veils my sight.
For thee I yearn and deeply long,
Guide thou my steps lest I choose
wrong,
Make thou my will both firm and just,
My heart uphold with constant trust.

O shed thy light upon my soul,
That I may understand
To strive for life's most helpful goal
Directed by thy hand.
May duty be my soul's delight,
My courage strong to stand for right;
In weal and woe, in joy and pain,
May faith and hope my heart sustain.

JAMES K. GUTHRIE **
Translated from the German

9 Prayer for Strength

Dim mine eyes with many tear-drops,
Weak my weary limbs with pain,
Weak my soul with doubts and longings,
How may I this life sustain?

Strengthen thou mine eyes, O Father,
With the power thy truth to see;
Make me strong, O God and Father,
With a firmer faith in thee.

Gird my limbs with trust and patience,

Let my soul from doubts be free;
Make me strong, O God and Father,
With a firmer faith in thee.

MRS. ISAAC L. RYPINS

10 Prayer for Wisdom

Almighty God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

We ask, that if thou grantest wealth
Our alms may richly flow,
And that we may, in years of health
Good works in plenty sow.

We ask not honors, which the hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp or power
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom; Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

11 Always with God

Psalm 18:8

O Lord it is a blessed thing,
To thee both morn and night to bring
Our heartfelt happy offering;
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

When from the strife of tongues
away,
Ere toil begins, to thee to pray
For strength to meet the coming day;
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

And night by night forevermore,
Again with grateful voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before;
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

Our fathers' God! with us abide,
And to thyself our footsteps guide,
At morn and noon and eventide;
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW **

12 Awake, My Soul

Awake, my soul! sing forth, my
tongue,
My God accepts the grateful song;
Let all my inward powers record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

His mercy with unchanging light
Forever shines though time takes
flight,
And children's children still record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

Yea, all God's works, his praise pro-
claim,
And human lips his name acclaim;
Come thou my soul, sing and record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

Anon.**

13 The Sovereign Power

I will extol thee, O my King!
Thy holiness proclaim;
And earth with every voice shall sing
The glories of thy name.

Thy tender mercies brightly shine;
Immortal is thy power;
Thy love, a beaming ray divine,
That lights each passing hour.

The memory of thy goodness still
Shall grateful hearts pervade;
Thy majesty and glory will
Forever be displayed.

The eyes of all shall wait on thee,
For perfect are thy ways;
And happy hearts united be,
O Maker! in thy praise.

PENINA MOISE

14 Evening Prayer

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here with hymn and
prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our prayerful heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee stray,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the
fallen,
O God of love, we pray.

We bring to thee our doubts and
fears,
Which meet us on life's way;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit

15 Evening Hymn

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening
prayer
Rise mingling on the silent air.

May struggling hearts that seek re-
lease
Here find the rest of God's own
peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can
bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

16 For Strength to Face Life

Father, hear the prayer we offer—
Not for ease, that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures,
Dare we hope our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
Help us tread with faith in thee.

Not forever by still waters
Dare we ask that we may stay;
Give us strength to serve with glad-
ness,
Faith, in hardships on our way.

Be our Strength in hours of weak-
ness,
In our wanderings be our Guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

LOVE M. WILLIS**

17 My Prayer

O Father, hear my heartfelt prayer,
Thy aid impart to me,
That I may make my life each day,
Acceptable to thee.

May this desire my spirit rule,
And as the moments fly,
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.

Some good that seeks my heart to
win,
With shining victory meet;
Some wrong that strives for mastery,
Find overthrow complete.

That so throughout the coming week,
The days shall carry me
A little farther toward true peace,
A little nearer thee.

FRANCES A. PERCY **

I cannot find thee! Still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell,
 I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
 Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer;
 Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
 From farthest quest comes back; thou are not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art.

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
 The hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER

'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
 Has left the heavens all coldly
 clear;
 Through leafless boughs the sharp
 winds blow,
 And all the earth lies dead and
 drear.

And though abroad the sharp winds
 blow,
 And skies are chill, and frosts are
 keen,
 Home closer draws her circle now,
 And warmer glows her light
 within.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn:
 His life within the keen air
 breathes;
 His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
 And clothes the boughs with glit-
 tering wreaths.

O God, who givest the winter's cold,
 As well as summer's joyous rays,
 Us warmly in thy love enfold,
 And keep us through life's wintry
 days.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

20 Arise to Praise the Lord

Arise to praise the Lord,
Awake, my slumbering soul,
Strike deep the stirring chord,
Thy Maker to extol.
For he preserved thy life
When darkness closed around;
'Midst dangers ever rife,
He was thy refuge found.

He is thy Rock, thy Shield
And will not fail to be;
What offering canst thou yield
For so much love to thee?
If but sincere thy gift,
It will his favor find,
Thy heart to him uplift,
And be to him resigned.

JAMES K. GUTHEIM
Translated from the German

21 Praised Be the Living God

Praised be the living God!
All praise unto his Name,
Who was, and is, and is to be,
For aye the same!
The One Eternal God
Ere aught that now appears:
The First, the Last, beyond all
thought
His timeless years!

Eternal life hath he
Implanted in the soul;
His love shall be our strength and
stay,
While ages roll.
Praised be the living God!
All praise unto his Name
Who was, and is, and is to be,
For aye the same!

Paraphrased by NEWTON MANN (scl.)

Part in peace: is day before us,
 Praise his name for life and light;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us,
 Bless his care who guards the
 night.

Part in peace: with deep thanksgiving
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Loving service to the living,
 Faithful homage to the dead.

Part in peace: such are the praises
 God our Maker loveth best;
 This the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Part in peace: for duties call us,
 There in service still to praise;
 Fearing not what may befall us,
 Leave to God the coming days.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS **

"The Lord is my Light and my Help"
Psalms 27:1

When shadows gather on our way,
 Fast deepening into dark of night,
 Be thou, O God, the spirit's stay,
 Our inward Light.

Amid the outward toil and strife,
 The world's dull roar and deafen-
 ing din,
 Still speak thy word of higher life,
 Our Voice within.

When burdens sore upon us press,
 And vexing cares for us increase,
 Be thou our Spring of helpfulness,
 Our inward Peace.

Though fond hopes fail, and joys
 depart,
 And friends to us should faithless
 prove,
 O save us from the bitter heart,
 Indwelling Love.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER **

24 God Is with Us

"Thou hearest prayer"

Almighty God, who hearest prayer,
Thou to whom we, thy children,
bring
The burden of our daily care,
The joy of praise's offering.
Hear, we beseech thee, once again
When we our suppliant voices
raise,
Do thou with faith our souls sustain,
And graciously accept our praise.

O Lord our God, be with us still
What time we tread life's darken-
ing road,
Through coming days of toil and ill
Give thou us strength to bear our
load.
Yea, and enlighten thou our eyes,
That we, the clearer vision won,
May know thy love, as great as wise,
It is, that laid the burden on.

Grant us thy peace, O Lord most
High,
And teach us, thou whose name we
bless,
With righteousness to sanctify
Our task, our joys with thankful-
ness.
Hear us in mercy when we pray,
And guide us, that each day may be
Another step upon the way,
That leads us nearer unto thee.

ALICE LUCAS

25 God's Law in the Heart

"And I shall dwell in their midst"

We pray, O God, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home.
We need, O God, thy love and care,
With heart and soul we come.
Thy light send out to waiting minds
That long the truth to know;
Reveal to us thy path of right;
Thy way of duty show.

O come as fire and purge our hearts
Like purifying flame,
Till soul and heart our offering be
To serve man in thy name.
O come as dew, on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

O let thy word be written down
On tables of the heart.
O lead men's hearts to serve thee,
God,
And life to Life impart.
Like wind, send down, thy word, O
God,
To blow all chaff away,
To cleanse and freshen soul and heart
And lead mankind thy way.

MAX D. KLEIN
After ANDREW REED

26 The Soul and God

"O my soul, bless thou the Lord"
—*Psalm 104:1*

Come thou, my soul, thou must
awake;
For thee another day did break;
Come thou to him who made the
earth,
And giveth thee each day new birth.
Bor'chi nafshi es Adonoi!

O gladly hail the sun's return;
To God thy praise as incense burn;
For thee with love did he defend,
Through all the night now drawn to
end.
Bor'chi nafshi es Adonoi!

His gifts my soul do not abuse;
His law and will do not refuse;
His lamp and light hold ever fast
My soul as long as life shall last.
Bor'chi nafshi es Adonoi!

For then my soul thy God will bless
Each thought of thine for righteous-
ness,
And thou our life from ill wilt free,
Through God's own bond of peace
with thee.
Bor'chi nafshi es Adonoi!

MAX D. KLEIN

27 There Lives a God

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—
Job 19:25

There lives a God! each finite crea-
ture
Proclaims his rule on sea and land;
Throughout all changing forms of
nature
Is clearly shown his mighty hand.
In every place is heard the call:
"The Lord of Hosts has made us
all."

There lives a God! Though storms
are sweeping
Across our pilgrim paths of life;
More bright the morn that ends the
weeping
Through nights of elemental strife.
Wherever God does choose my way,
I follow him without dismay.

There lives a God! when life is wan-
ing,
His love is near from dread to
save;
My years are all of his ordaining,
He only taketh what he gave.
The grave shall not my end all be—
Thou livest, God; I live in thee.

JAMES K. GUTHEIM
Translated from the German

28 God Is Our Guardian

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the
night,
Great guardian of my sleeping
hours!

Thy sovereign word restores the
light,
And wakens all my drowsy
powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS

29 Where Is Thy God

Where is thy God, my soul,
Is he within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm,
In thee no part?
Where is thy God, my soul,
In worlds and suns afar;
Or are his holy words of truth,
In truth, thy star?

Where is thy God, my soul,
Confined to scripture's page;
Or does his spirit check and guide
All life, each age?
O Ruler of all worlds,
Reign thou within my heart;
O great sustainer of my world,
Thy light impart.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH **

30 God's Inner Shrine

*"God Is in His Holy Temple"—
Habakuk 2:20*

God is in his holy temple!
Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind,
In the reverent heart and simple,
In the soul from sense refined.
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee.

ANON.

31 God's Dwelling-Place

*"The Heavens and Heaven of Heavens
cannot contain thee"—
1 Kings 8:27*

The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

The presence of God is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds
unknown:
Yet they who seek the love of God,
Are ever near his throne.

WILLIAM DRENNAN

32 The Harp of Faith

*"Upon the ten-stringed instrument
and upon the psaltery"*

When midnight, so our sages tell
In sleep King David found,
A wind-swept harp, above his couch
Gave forth a trembling sound.

Up sprang the royal bard, inspired,
His fingers touched the chord,
And with strange gladness in his soul,
In psalms he praised the Lord.

At midnight, when dark doubts as-
sail,
And anxious fears surround,
O soul of mine, amid the gloom
Give forth a joyous sound.

O bid me seize the harp of faith
And sing a holy strain,
Until each day my life and thought
Resound in glad refrain.

A. S. ISAACS **

33 God Is Our Refuge

*"The Lord is the stronghold of my
life; of whom shall I be afraid?"*

God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thine heart shall
strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
His care thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

34

Meditation

Hath not thy heart within thee
yearned,
At evening's calm and quiet hour;
Have not thy inmost thoughts dis-
cerned
The presence of a loftier Power?

Hast thou not heard mid forest
glades,
While ancient rivers murmured
near—
A voice from forth the eternal
shades,
That spake of God in accents
clear?

It was the voice of God that spake,
In silence to thy listening heart,
And bade each worthier thought
awake,
And every lowlier dream depart.

The voice of God still calls to thee
To live thy life on highest plane;
With him is true life, good and free,
Apart from him all life is vain.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH
MAX D. KLEIN

35 God Is Our Help

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into
praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

36 They Who Are No More

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call:
They throng the silence of our
thoughts,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the
sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But O 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have
been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast un-
known,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

37 God Knoweth Best

Eternal God, we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly,
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
In thine all-gracious providence
Our trust we e'er confide:
O let thy power be our defense,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

And since, by passion's force sub-
Too oft, with stubborn will [duded,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the tempting ill,—
Not what we wish, but what we need,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father, heed;
The ill, though asked, deny.

JAMES MERRICK **

The Lord Is My Shepherd

Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know:
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my footsteps, where'er I may rove;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

39 Joyful Submission

O thou who hast at thy command
 The hearts of all men in thy hand,
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
 Mould every purpose of the soul;
 O'er all may we victorious be
 That stands between ourselves and
 thee.

Thrice blessed will all our blessings
 be
 When we can look through them to
 thee;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love and gratitude and praise.

O may we to thy glory live,
 And unto thee all glory give;
 O may our word, and faith, and deed
 Ourselves and all men to thee lead.

JANE COTTERILL **

40 Do the Right

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
 Though the path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble,—
 Trust in God, and do the right!—

Though the road be rough and
 dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Tread it bravely; strong or weary,
 Trust in God, and do the right!

Perish policy and cunning;
 Perish all that fears the light!
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 Trust in God, and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love
 thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man and look above
 thee,—
 Trust in God, and do the right!

NORMAN MACLEOD

41 Father, to Thee We Look in All Our Sorrow

Consolation

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou are the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

42 God Our Father

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their
power?
My Father! Let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness
free.

Is there a time of racking grief
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless
gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

The noontide blaze, the midnight
scene,
The dawn of twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and
power.

CAROLINE GILMAN (sel.)

43 God Is with Us

*"In thine hands are the souls of the
living and the dead"—Prayer
Book*

The heavens thy praise are telling,
The earth declares thy might,
But naught save thine indwelling
Can show thee, Lord, aright:
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy witnesses we see,
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth thee.

We know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all humanity;
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in thee,
And all our souls inherit
Through thee, Eternity.

Composite **

My God and Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home, in life's rough
 way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
 My God, to thee I leave the rest,—
 "Thy will be done."

Though thou hast called me to resign
 What most I prized, it ne'er was
 mine:
 I have but yielded what was thine,—
 "Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

Lord, I am weary, yet I dare not pray
 That thou wilt ease me of my load;
 At thy command I bear it all the day,
 And thou hast traced my road.
 Lord, I am fearful of the shades of night,
 That darkening o'er my path descend,
 Yet vain it were to pray for lengthening light,
 That I my task may end.

Lord, I am troubled, yet I will not plead
 With thee for days of happiness,
 While all around I see my brethren's need,
 Their anguish and distress.
 Lord, be it so! I will not ask of thee
 To give me rest from toil and care,
 Or length of days, but this alone shall be
 My heart's unceasing prayer:

Lord, grant to me, nor yet to me alone,
 But unto all on earth who dwell,
 Faith that thy love, through ways to us unknown,
 Doth order all things well.
 Lord, grant us faith, then, though we work and weep,
 Thy peace will guard us on our way,
 And we shall lay us down in peace, and sleep,
 When comes the close of day.

ALICE LUCAS

46 The House of God

'Tis good indeed, O Lord, to dwell
 Within thy house, thy presence
 near!
 May we who come thy praise to tell,
 Find thee, O God, as we pray here.

Our soul doth long and daily sigh
 Thy courts, O Lord our God, to
 see;
 Our heart and flesh unite and cry
 O living God, our God, for thee.

Let all rejoice who here abide,
 With heart and voice thy name
 who praise;
 Let all be glad, whate'er betide
 Who in their hearts aye love thy
 ways.

Lead them that come, from strength
 to strength
 With joyful hearts and gladsome
 cheer;
 Lead them, O God, until at length,
 Thy voice in all their ways they
 hear.

MAX D. KLEIN

47 In God's House

Into thy house I come, O Lord,
 With all my grief and trial and
 care;
 My plaint grant thou thy answering
 chord,
 O God of life who hearest prayer.

The whirl of life I leave outside,
 To dwell in prayer alone with thee;
 I would forget all self and pride,
 And in this hour become more
 free.

O grant me strength to bear the load,
 That life lays on the sons of man;
 That I may tread with faith the road,
 And life's whole range serenely
 scan.

As I go forth from here, my God,
 May I, with deep faith in my heart
 Firm walk the path, good men have
 trod,
 The strength they had, to me im-
 part.

MAX D. KLEIN

48 The House of God

How goodly is thy house, O Lord!
 Within its courts we turn to thee,
 Who art by Israel's sons adored
 As God, to all eternity.

Hither we come to praise thy name,
 Humbly to seek thy gracious face;
 Thy truth and greatness to proclaim
 In this, thy holy dwelling-place.

Accord us, then, thy tender love;
 Unto our prayerful words give
 ear;
 Grant them acceptance from above,
 And to our plaint be ever near.

HENRY S. JACOBS

49 Peace unto You

Peace unto our congregation,
 Peace to every heart therein,
 Peace the gift of God's creation,
 Peace may every soul here win.
 Peace that speaks of God the giver,
 Peace to worldly minds unknown,
 Peace that flows on as a river,
 Peace that comes from God alone.

God of Peace be ever near us,
 Fix within our hearts thy home,
 With thy fatherly voice to cheer us,
 Let thy peace to each heart come.
 Send to each thy revelation,
 Truth of life to which to cling,
 Send to us thy consolation,
 Father, keep us 'neath thy wing.

Composite **

50 Israel and the Nations

Grant thou peace to all the nations,
 Wars and hatred banish far;
 "Peace to human habitations"—
 Be this mankind's friendly star!
 May men come to live like brothers,
 Justice plant thou in each heart,
 Blessing men through love of others,
 Causing hatred to depart.

Grant thou peace the House of
 Israel;
 O may rest and joy soon come!
 Gone all trial and grief and trouble—
 Wrong and evil silenced, dumb!
 May all peoples work for Justice,
 Israel in the lead and van;
 O may mankind stirred to Service,
 Found the Brotherhood of Man.

MAX D. KLEIN

51

Abide in Me

Abide in me, O Lord, and I in thee;
 From this good hour, O leave me nevermore;
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide with me; o'ershadow with thy love
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
 Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
 And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

Abide in me; there have been moments blest,
 When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power;
 Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
 Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
 Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer;
 Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

With joy, O Lord, we hail this day,
Which thou didst call thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

O grant us peace in heart and home,
And every soul unite,
To thank thee for the day that's
blessed
And keep it with delight.

We trust, O God, when life is o'er
Thy mercy will endure;
And thou to us eternal rest
Hereafter wilt secure.

HENRY S. JACOBS

The week is over and to-day
Once more we meet to praise and
pray;
Once more a peace, a holy calm,
Falls on our troubled hearts like
balm.

For in the week, but few could say,
No shadow fell across their way;
And to some lives, how humbly blest
The quiet of this day of rest.

In this day's calm my soul shall seek
A staff to lean on through the week,
And may each Sabbath prove the
best
Till the eternal day of rest.

Anon.

O holy Sabbath-day, draw near,
 Thou art the source of bliss and
 cheer;
 The first in God's creative thought,
 The final aim of all he wrought.
 Welcome, welcome day of rest,
 Day of joy the Lord hath blessed.

Rejoice ye now with all your might:
 The Sabbath, freedom brings and
 light;
 Let songs of praise to God ascend,
 And voices sweet in chorus blend.
 Welcome, welcome day of rest,
 Day of joy the Lord hath blessed.

Now come thou blessed Sabbath-
 Bride,
 Our joy, our comfort, and our pride;
 All cares and sorrows bid thou cease,
 And fill our waiting hearts with
 peace.
 Welcome, welcome day of rest,
 Day of joy the Lord hath blessed.

ISAAC S. MOSES

Come, O Sabbath day, and bring
 Peace and healing on thy wing;
 And to every troubled breast
 Speak of the divine behest:
 Thou shalt rest!

Earthly longings bid retire,
 Quench our passions' hurtful fire;
 To the wayward, sin-oppressed,
 Bring thou thy divine behest:
 Thou shalt rest!

Wipe from every cheek the tear,
 Banish care, and silence fear;
 All things working for the best
 Teach us the divine behest:
 Thou shalt rest!

GUSTAV GOTTHEIL

56 Build Thou A Shrine!

*"Guard thou thy heart"—Proverbs
4:23*

Where'er men pray, my God is there;
In home and shrine or open air,
The world without, the heart within;
Searcher for God, seek thou within.

The heavens cannot my God contain,
Much less then, can mere human
fane;
My God dwells best within the heart,
Where nobler life, he doth impart.

Build God a shine within the heart,
Where issues of true life must start;
As God thy life doth enter in,
Thou dost new life, with light, begin.

MAX D. KLEIN

58 God's Leading

Unveil mine eyes that of thy law
The wonders I may see;
Sojourner am I on this earth—
Hide not thy way from me.

And of thy perfect way of truth
My choice help me to make;
Thy statutes which most righteous
are,
To guide me I would take.

In loving kindness let my prayer
And cry come unto thee;
According to thy promise, God
Sustain and strengthen me.

Great peace have they who love thy
law,
Of blame, they shall have none;
I wait for thy deliverance Lord,
When thy command I've done.

Scottish Version **

57 Hear O Israel

One God! One Lord! One mighty
King!

In unity will Judah sing;
Transmitting e'er from sire to son
The truth that God is only One.

Thou sovereign of the Universe!
Through ages, 'mid all sects diverse,
The Hebrew child is taught to praise,
To lisp thy name and learn thy ways.

To thee alone, when life recedes,
The dying Israelite still pleads;
In one redeeming God and guide
His fleeting spirit doth confide.

PENINA MOISE

59 The Law of God

*"Happy are they who are upright in
the way"—Psalm 119:1*

O blessed are they whose lives are
pure
And upright in the way;
And who in God's most holy law
Do walk and do not stray.

O blessed are they who to observe
His statutes are inclined;
And they who seek the living God,
With their whole heart and mind.

Upon thy law, O God, I pray
My love be always set;
And grant, O God, that I may ne'er
Thy holy law forget.

Scottish Version **

60 Our Worship

*"The ground on which thou standest
is holy."*

What has drawn us now apart,
From the common daily round,
Bringing us with prayerful heart,
Here to meet on holy ground?

Far off visions high and pure,
Loftier things that are to be,
Faith and hope that shall endure
Through all time, eternally.

All the things that make for peace,
In the daily toil and strife,
All that can our part increase,
In the world's diviner life—

These and memories of the past,
Hero deeds and sacrifice,
Urge us on while life shall last,
Earth to make a paradise.

JOHN W. CHADWICK
MAX D. KLEIN

61 The Torah

*"It is our strength and light"—
Traditional*

All praise to thee we bring,
To thee, our fathers' God,
For all the teaching of thy law,
The way all Israel trod.

Our fathers loved thy word,
They went through fire and flame;
Thy law they kept in life and death,
And sanctified thy name.

For prophet and for sage,
Who led us on the way,
And gave all Israel strength and light,
We thank thee, God, to-day.

To us the will impart,
That we as firm may be
To live our lives, as they lived theirs,
For Israel and for thee.

O Israel's Guide and Shield—
Uplift us through thy law;
Unveil our eyes that we may see
The wonders which they saw.

MAX D. KLEIN

62 The Guardian of Israel

*"Behold the Guardian of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps"—
Psalm 121:4*

Lo, our Father's tender care
Slumbers not, nor sleepeth;
Gracious gifts his lavish hand
Daily on us heapeth.
Though fierce storms, though perils
lower,
Is not God our sheltering tower?
Tremble not!
At his word the storm is still,
Perils vanish at his will;
And his love ordains our lot—
Lo, our Guardian slumbers not.

Lo, our Father's gracious love
Slumbers not, nor sleepeth;
Trust with all thy heart in him
Who thy portion keepeth;
Who till now protection sent thee,
And through all thy life did guide
thee;
Fear thou not!
God, who life and being grants,
Kindly, too, supplies our wants,
Let but duty guide our lot;
Lo, our Guardian slumbers not.

JAMES K. GUTHRIE
Translated from the German

"The Lord will bless his people with peace"—Psalm 29:11

Father, again to thee our hearts we lift;
We now beseech thee—grant thy parting gift;
Standing before thee ere our worship cease,
We lowly bending, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON **

64 Prayer for God's Protection

"Cause us, O Lord, to lie down in peace"—Prayer Book

Cause us, O Father, to lie down in peace,
And raise us up, our King, to life again;
On life's way lead us with thy counsel's stay,
And let us 'neath thy tent of peace remain.

O, help us, for the sake of thy great name,
Be unto us a shield, thou King of kings;
Send from our life all sickness, care and strife,
And keep us 'neath the shadow of thy wings.

O Israel's God, Deliverer thou art,
Merciful King, whom heaven and earth adore,
Bless thou thy people in their wanderings
With life and peace henceforth and evermore.

ALICE LUCAS **
Translated from the Hebrew

65 Be with Us, Father

Be with us, Father, as we bend
Thy blessing to receive;
Thy gift of peace on us descend,
Before thy courts we leave.

Be with us, Father, as we walk
Along our homeward way;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Be thou, O God, our stay.

Be with us, Father, till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be thou of every heart the light,
Of every home, the guest.

Be with us, Father, through the
hours
Of slumber calm and deep;
Protect our homes, renew our
powers,
And guard thy people's sleep.

JOHN ELLERTON **

66 Praise Ye the Lord

Praise ye the Lord! for it is good
His mighty acts to magnify,
And make those mercies understood,
His hand delights to multiply.
Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the
Lord!

Break forth, O Israel, into song,
Let hymns ascend to heaven's
vault;
No sweeter task has mortal tongue
Than its Creator to exalt.
Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the
Lord!

Let hallelujah loudly rise!
Let hallelujah softly fall!
Until on angel lips it dies,
As they unto each other call,
Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the
Lord!

PENINA MOISE

67 Prayer at Night

O God of earth and heaven
The darkness thine and light—
Who day for toil to men hast given,
For rest the night—
Do thou our sleep defend,
And slumber sweet us send,
May peaceful thoughts our rest at-
tend,
This coming night.

Let sun at dawn return;
Let light unseal our eyes;
To thee, awaked by thee, at morn
Let songs arise.
Thy help for tasks that call,
Let wrong us not enthrall;
O strengthen us whate'er befall,
Our God most wise.

MAX D. KLEIN
After HEBER and HOSMER

68 True Happiness

Happy the man—with heart at rest
Though life around with tumult
teems;

Who trusts in God and ever deems
The will of God indeed the best.

Happy the man—with mind that sees
Throughout all change the years
may bring,

God's mercy still in everything,
His will in all life's mysteries.

Happy the man—whose soul can soar
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond all sense e'en unto him,
Whose love will guard us ever-
more.

Happy the man—heart, mind and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
Who seeks at one with God to be,
And makes God's will his highest
goal.

O happy life—serene, divine!
O promise of a life still higher;
Fulfil, my God, my heart's desire,
O Father, grant such life be mine.

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON
MAX D. KLEIN

69 Light and Truth

Happy he that never wanders
From the path of truth astray,
Whom the light of knowledge guideth
On life's dark and stormy way.
Joyfully and well he labors,
Till his toil and cares are past,
And the weary pilgrim resteth
In eternal bliss at last.

In the desert of our wanderings,
O'er life's wide and trackless sand,
But a single path can lead us
Safely to the promised land.
Be but strong, O man, and doubt not;
Look aloft! the radiant light
Of the star of truth will guide thee
In thy troubled course aright.

O, Eternal Father, teach us
Well thy sacred word to know;
Light upon the soul, and quiet
On the anxious heart bestow.
May our life be pure before thee,
Till its race on earth is o'er,
May thy blessings rest upon us,
And thy peace forever more.

FELIX ADLER
Translated from the German

70 He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well

He liveth long who liveth well.

All else is being flung away;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst
reap,

Who sows the false shall reap the
vain;

Alert and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds re-
frain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest
bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR (sel.)

71 Universal Love

O Father! when the pitying heart
Is lifted up in prayer to thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart
And leave the mounting spirit
free:—

Then teach us that our love, like
thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should
flow,

A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should
know.

Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
All narrow realms of self above;
For who so of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

Into the circle lift us up
Of thy divine beneficence;
And, freely as thou fill'st our cup,
May we thy gifts to all dispense.

ANON.

72 Thy Brother

*"And thou shalt love thy neighbor as
thyself"—Leviticus 19:18*

When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS

73

The Peace of Pity

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells, the joy of peace is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of those whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem a human temple;
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

74 Our Brother

Think gently of the erring one:
 O let us not forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is our brother yet.
 Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but fallen in the path
 We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one:
 We yet may lead him back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
 And sinful yet may'st be;
 Deal gently with the erring heart,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

JULIA FLETCHER CARNEY

75 The Offering

Lord, what offering shall we bring
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind;
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

THOMAS R. TAYLOR

76 The Law of Love

Make channels for the streams of
 love,
 Where they may broadly run;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
 That blessing from above;
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
 Such is the law of love.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

77 Let Nations Serve

*"Serve the Lord with gladness"—
Psalm 100:2*

Let nations stand before God's
throne,
With solemn awe and sacred joy;
Be known that he is God alone,
Who can create and can destroy.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal
frame;
Sole God alone beyond compare
Is he, whom lips can only name.

Let nations come with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens their voices
raise;
And earth with her ten thousand
tongues,
To fill God's courts with sounding
praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
All life, and time, and worlds
above.

ISAAC WATTS
MAX D. KLEIN

78 May Wars Cease

*"And they shall turn their swords into
ploughshares, and . . . they shall
not learn any more war"—
Isaiah 2:4*

O God of life who madest man,
With heart and soul and mind;
Bless thou the work of all who strive
To bless all humankind.

Make clearer day by day the speech
Of all who work for peace;
And bless the noble hope and
dream—
That wars on earth will cease.

O cause the love of war to die;
Bid strife and hatred go;
That men on earth may live for love
And life in sweetness grow.

May nations from war's doom be
freed,
The way to peace be found!
O may its song of joy be born
And evermore resound.

MAX D. KLEIN

79

Building with God

*"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen watch in vain"—Psalm
127:1*

Unless the land where ye abide,
The care of Heaven boasts,
To watchmen falsely ye confide
The safety of its coast.
Except the Lord will fortify
The structures ye erect,
In vain the pillars, strong and high,
Of mortal architect.

If be, O Judah! ye sojourn
In deserts, towns, or tents,
To God, as to your fortress turn,
Your tower and defense.
On land and sea, enslaved or free
His name alone extol;
Who is, who was, and e'er shall be
The God and king of all.

PENINA MOISE **

Not alone for mighty empire,
 Stretching far o'er land and sea,
 Not alone for bounteous harvests,
 Lift we up our hearts to thee:
 Standing in the living present,
 Memory and hope between,
 Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
 Praise thee more for things unseen.

For the armies of the faithful,
 Lives that passed and left no name;
 For the glory that illumines
 Patriot souls of deathless fame;
 For the people's prophet-leaders,
 Loyal to thy living word,—
 For all heroes of the spirit,
 Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.

Not for battle-ship and fortress,
 Not for conquests of the sword,
 But for conquests of the spirit
 Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
 For the heritage of freedom,
 For the home and for the school,
 For the open door to manhood
 In a land the people rule.

God of justice, save the people
 From the war of race and creed,
 From the strife of class and faction,—
 Make our nation free indeed;
 Keep her faith in simple manhood
 Strong as when her life began,
 Till it finds its full fruition
 In the brotherhood of man!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL

For the beauty of the earth,
 For the glory of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies,
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful
 praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart's and mind's delight,
 For the mystic harmony
 Linking sense to sound and sight,
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful
 praise.

For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon and stars of light,
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful
 praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
 Sent on earth to light our way,
 Love both human and divine,
 Sheltering us by night and day,
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful
 praise.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT **

Men! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers, brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If you do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are yet not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake?
And with heathen hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No; true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the meek;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must
think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

83 **Passover**

'Twas like a dream, when by the
Lord
From bondage Zion was restored;
Our mouths were filled with mirth,
our tongues
Were ever singing joyful songs.

The nations owned that God had
wrought
Great works, which joy to us have
brought.
As southern streams when filled with
rain,
He turned our captive state again.

Who sow in tears, with joy shall
reap;
Though bearing precious seed they
weep
While going forth, yet shall they
sing
When, coming back, their sheaves
they bring.

Scottish Version

85 **The Thankful Song**

To thee, above all creatures' gaze,
To thee whom earth and heaven
praise,
Whose ever watchful Providence
Proves daily thine omnipotence—
To thee in thanks our chorus rise.

Thou didst redeem the captive band,
Who were enslaved by tyrant's hand;
Their cries were heard, their groans
were stilled,
Their yearning hopes at last fulfilled,
And Freedom dawned on Israel.

O God, thy children recognize
With grateful hearts this precious
prize;
Thy people in this holy shrine
Proclaim aloud thy power divine:
"The Lord will reign for evermore!"

JAMES K. GUTHEIM
Translated from the German

84 **God Reigns**

God of Might, God of Right,
Thee we give all glory;
Thine all praise in these days
As in ages hoary,
When we hear, year by year
Freedom's wondrous story.

Now as erst, when thou first
Mad'st the proclamation,
Warning loud every proud,
Every tyrant nation,
We, thy fame still proclaim,
Bend in adoration.

Be with all who in thrall
To their task are driven;
In thy power speed the hour
When their chains are riven;
Earth around will resound
Joyful hymns to heaven.

Composite

86 **Song of the Dew**

O Rain, depart with blessings,
With blessings come, O Dew;
For mighty to deliver
Is he that sends the dew.

With psalm and song I'll praise him,
In rhythms like the dew;
My Rock, my strong Deliverer
He is, that sends the dew.

His Name with glory covers
His folk, as earth the dew;
A Prince to their deliverance
He sends, that sends the dew.

Hasten, O God, thy promise—
"I will be Israel's dew"—
And mighty to deliver,
Let fall this day thy dew!

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN
Translated from the Hebrew of
Solomon Ibn Gabirol

Praise the Lord

"Praise the Lord, proclaim his name"—Isaiah 12:4

Praise the Lord! one accord
 Sound throughout creation;
 Laud and sing, honor bring
 Him without cessation;
 And his fame loud proclaim,
 Every land and nation.

God is here! help is near,
 In fierce storm and weather;
 Be but still! for his will
 Keeps us all together;
 Trust in him,—Seraphim
 Hover o'er us ever!

Lo! he frees all he sees
 Trusting in his power;
 Doth impart to each heart
 Comfort every hour.
 Threat what may, he is aye
 Our defense and tower.

Lo! the Spring joy doth bring,
 Winter's frosts are ended;
 Gladness reigns, life remains,
 With sweet pleasure blended;
 God doth bear what his care
 And his love defended.

Let thy will, guide us still,
 Let thy love be o'er us,
 Let thy light, in our night
 Show thy paths, before us!
 Ours thy love, from above,
 And thy light that leads us.

LEOPOLD STEIN
 Translated by I. S. MOSES

The Spring-tide of the Year

Behold it is the spring-tide of the year!
 Over and past is winter's gloomy reign,
 The happy time of singing birds is near,
 And clad in bud and bloom are hill and plain.

And in the spring, when all the earth and sky
 Rejoice together, still from age to age
 Rings out the solemn chant of days gone by,
 Proclaiming Israel's sacred heritage.

For as from out the house of bondage went
 The host of Israel, in their midst they bore
 The heritage of law and freedom, blent
 In holy unity for evermore.

And still from rising unto setting sun
 Shall this our heritage and watchword be:
 "The Lord our God, the Lord our God is One,
 His law alone it is that makes us free!"

Father, See Thy Suppliant Children

Father, see, thy suppliant children
 Prayerful stand around thy throne;
 To confirm the vow of Sinai,
 "We shall serve the Lord alone."

Thy command shall be engraven
 On the tables of our heart,
 Till the heart in death be broken,
 And the cord of life shall part.

When dark tempests, lowering
 gather,
 It will be our strength and stay;
 It will be our guardian angel
 Upon life's laborious way.

As a sheltering cloud at noontide,
 As a flaming fire by night,
 Through prosperity and sorrow,
 It will guide our steps aright.

Till we reach the land of promise,
 When the toils of life are past;
 Till we sleep the sleep eternal
 In the realms of peace at last.

FELIX ADLER
 Translated from the German

Holy Resolves

Our desires we, Lord, have spoken,	Give a parting benediction,
Strengthen our resolves and bless;	Mercy's light illumine our ways,
May our promises, unbroken,	That we may with true conviction
Tend to peace and righteousness.	Follow duty all our days.

Let our thoughts ne'er stray, un-
 heeding,
 Into deeds that lead to shame;
 Lord, we crave thy gracious leading,
 Guide us to life's noblest aim.
 Amen! Amen!

ISAAC S. MOSES.
 Translated from the Hebrew.

With sacred joy we greet the day
 That lifts our thoughts to heaven's
 height;
 And hear with reverence deep the
 word
 Revealing man the way of light.
 Be Israel fired by this day
 To do and hear what God shall say.

O holy memory fill our hearts
 With aspirations worthy thee;
 Within our hearts the vow renew—
 God's witness unto man to be;
 In word and deed to prove the might
 And saving grace of love and right.

We see the man of God exhort
 His people, saved from tyrant's
 hand,
 That they are now a chosen folk
 For God and man, a priestly band,
 To guard the truth from heaven
 sought
 'Midst signs for their redemption
 wrought.

And thou, O God, who changest
 ne'er,
 Wilt not our offering disdain,
 Help thou ourselves to dedicate
 And keep our lives from being
 vain.
 O strengthen thou our wavering will
 Our holy mission to fulfil.

Altered, From "Services and Prayers for Jewish Homes"—printed by the
 Liberal Jewish Synagogue

"Read not 'engraved'; but 'freedom'." (Ethics of the Fathers)

Our prayer and praise this day we
 bring,
 With solemn joy and awe
 To thee, our Father, Lord and King,
 Who givest us thy law,
 The law which whoso followeth
 Need fear no ill in life or death.

'Tis good thy law's mild yoke to bear,
 Its statutes to obey,
 For faltering steps it will prepare
 The path of right alway,
 And purify man's heart from sin,
 That he eternal peace may win.

O give us strength thy bond divine
 To keep from age to age,
 To guard in one unbroken line
 Our sacred heritage,
 To thy law bound we are made free,
 Thy children evermore to be.

Altered, From "Services and Prayers for
 Jewish Homes," printed by
 the Liberal Jewish Synagogue.

93 The New Year's Resolve 94 New Year Confession

Rosh ha-Shanah

Into the tomb of ages past
Another year hath now been cast;
Shall time, unheeded, take its flight,
Nor leave one ray of higher light,
That on man's pilgrimage may shine
And lead his soul to spheres divine?

Ah! which of us, if self-reviewed,
Can boast unfailing rectitude?
Who can declare his wayward will
More prone to righteous deeds than
ill?
Or, in his retrospect of life,
No traces find of passion's strife?

With firm resolve your hearts now
nerve,
The God of Truth alone to serve;
Speech, thought, and act to regulate,
By what his perfect laws dictate;
Nor from his holy precepts stray
By worldly idols lured away.

Peace to the House of Israel!
May joy within it ever dwell!
May sorrow on the opening year,
Forgetting its accustomed tear,
With smiles again fond kindred
meet,
With hopes revived the New Year
greet!

PENINA MOISE

Rosh ha-Shanah Meditation

On mighty wings rush swiftly by
The hours, the days, the year;
We cannot check, howe'er we try,
The flight of time's career.
A fleeting shadow is our life,
'Tis as a passing dream;
Its labors seem but empty strife,
Its aims a flash, a gleam.

We stand, O God, with awe and fears
Before thy holy throne;
Our thoughts, our deeds, our joys,
our tears
To thee, O Lord, are known.
If angels e'en, so pure and bright,
Cannot endure thy test,
How, then, can we approach thy
sight,
Who are by sin oppressed.

We cannot hide our trespasses,
Cannot our deeds rescind;
With contrite heart we must confess:
"Our Father, we have sinned!"
O God, thy pardon we implore,
Thou knowest we are frail;
Refresh us from thy mercy's store,
Uplift us when we fail.

JAMES K. GUTHEIM
Translated from the German

As rushes, 'twixt the willows,
The river to the sea,
So time, on heaving billows
Speeds to eternity.

The year to close is wearing,
And questions, solemnly,
O soul, hast thou been caring
For thine eternity?

A New Year down is speeding
With messages to thee;
Oh, wilt thou hear, and heeding,
Live for eternity!

No earthly ill can matter,
Though dark sometimes it be,
If faithfully we scatter
Seeds for eternity.

This thought how reassuring!
Though years and ages flee,
God lives for aye, enduring
To all eternity.

ISAAC S. MOSES
Translated from the Hebrew

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear thou our repentant songs:
Hearken to thy suppliant ones,
God, to whom true love belongs.

Deep our shame for follies past,
Talent wasted, time misspent,
Hearts absorbed in worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.

Foolish fears and proud desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we
own:
Contrite unto thee we come,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear thou our repentant songs,
Oh, receive thy suppliant ones,
Thou, to whom true love belongs.

JOHN ELLERTON **

Atonement Day

Yom Kippur

To thee we give ourselves today,
Forgetful of the world outside,
We tarry in thy house, O God,
From eventide to eventide.

From thine all-searching righteous
eye
Our deepest heart can nothing
hide;
It crieth out to thee, for peace,
From eventide to eventide.

Who could endure, shouldst thou, O
God,
As we deserve, for ever chide;
We therefore seek thy pardoning
grace
From eventide to eventide.

O may we lay to heart how swift
The years of life do onward glide;
So learn to live that we may see
Thy light at our life's eventide.

GUSTAV GOTTHEIL

Thou knowest my tongue, O God,
 Fain would it bring
 A precious gift—the songs
 Thou makest me sing!

Thou guidest my steps from eld;
 If boon too high
 I ask—thou gavest me speech,
 Spurn not my cry!

My thoughts hast thou made pure
 As whitest fleece;
 Thou wilt not that mine heart
 Shall ne'er have peace.

Oh, be my refuge now,
 Even as of yore.
 My God, my Saviour, thou—
 Tarry no more!

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN
 Translated from Hebrew of
 Solomon Ibn Gabirol

99 Lord, Thine Humble Servants Hear

Atonement Day

"Lord, thine humble servants hear,
 Suppliant now before thee;
 Father, from thy children's plea
 Turn not, we implore thee!

"Lord, blot out our evil pride,
 All our sins before thee;
 Father, for thy Mercy's sake,
 Pardon, we implore thee.

"Lord, no sacrifice we bring,
 Prayers and tears implore thee;
 Father, let thy shepherd's love
 Guide us, we implore thee.

"Lord, forgive and comfort all
 That in truth implore thee;
 Father, let our evening prayer
 Thus find grace before thee.

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN
 Translated from Hebrew of Rabbi Jehudah

All the world shall come to serve thee
 And bless thy glorious Name,
 And thy righteousness triumphant
 The islands shall acclaim.
 And the peoples shall go seeking
 Who knew thee not before,
 And the ends of earth shall praise
 thee,
 And tell thy greatness o'er.

With the coming of thy Kingdom
 The hills shall join in song,
 And the islands laugh exultant
 That they to God belong.
 They with all their congregations
 So loud thy praise shall sing,
 That the distant peoples hearing,
 Shall hail thee God and King.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL (sel.)
 Translated from a Hebrew poem of the
 8th Century

Righteous art thou, O God, and ever just,
 And none can question, none withstand thy will;
 And though our hearts be humbled to the dust,
 Teach us, through all, to see thy mercy still.

Our life is measured out by thee above,
 And to thy will each human heart must bow;
 No frail remonstrance mars our perfect love,
 No man shall say to thee "What doest thou?"

When suffering to human fault is due,
 Forgive, O Lord, and stay thine hand, we pray;
 And when it brings but trial of faith anew,
 Turn thou the night of gloom to trustful day.

When blessings bring thy sunshine to our heart,
 Let gratitude uplift each soul at rest;
 And when to bear our griefs becomes our part,
 Let faith and hope exhort us—God knows best.

"The Lord hath given—praise unto his Name"
 But with that praise our task is but begun.
 "The Lord hath taken"—still our thought the same,
 His law our law; his will, not ours, be done.

A. A. GREEN

102 Hymn of Harvest Thanksgiving

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

REFRAIN

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord
For all his love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
The tint upon the rose leaf,
The light within the star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

REFRAIN

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord
For all his love.

We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most desirest,—
Our humble, thankful hearts.

REFRAIN

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord
For all his love.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.
Translated by JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL *

103 God Is the Giver of All

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

For peaceful homes, and healthful
days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to
give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

104 Giver of All

O Father, thou who givest all
The bounty of thy perfect love,
We thank thee that upon us fall
Such tender blessings from above.

We thank thee for the gift of home,
For mother's love and father's
care;
For friends and teachers—all who
come
Our joys and hopes and fears to
share.

For faith to conquer doubt and fear,
For love to answer every call,
For strength to do, and will to dare,
We thank thee, O thou Lord of all.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES (sel.)

I

O thou that dost cover the heavens
With a garment of cloud; by whose word
Ever season succeeds unto season—
Creator, Sustainer, and Lord—
By the breath of thy spirit thou gavest
Our life; thou dost give it again
When thou openest thy treasure of blessings
To send us the wind and the rain.

REFRAIN

Unlock now the rich store of thy treasures,
Send life to thy creatures again;
For the wind is thy spirit's returning
And thy blessing descends as the rain!

2

To thee, all the world of thy creatures,
Of land and of wave and of air,
With the man thou hast formed in thine image,
Are turning their faces in prayer;
'Tis the season of wind—send thy spirit,
Renewing the wonder of birth;
'Tis the season of rain—pour the waters
Of life o'er the face of the earth!

REFRAIN

Unlock now the rich store of thy treasures,
Send life to thy creatures again;
For the wind is thy spirit's returning
And thy blessing descends as the rain!

3

Let the wastes of the earth know thy mercy;
The desert, the drought-withered sod,
At the kiss of thy rain-laden breezes
Shall bloom as the garden of God;
And the beast of the field, gaunt with famine,
And the man in whose heart hope was stilled,
Shall praise thee in grateful hosannas
As they eat from thy hand, and are filled.

REFRAIN

Unlock now the rich store of thy treasures,
Send life to thy creatures again;
For the wind is thy spirit's returning
And thy blessing descends as the rain!

4

And that land of our love and our longing,
Now barren, deserted, forlorn,
Bereft of palm, citron, and myrtle,
Of olive, of grape, and of corn—
Let thy spirit caress her parched furrows,
Send thy pitying, quickening rain,
That her hills may smile newly in vineyards
And her fields laugh in ripples of grain.

REFRAIN

Unlock now the rich store of thy treasures,
Send life to thy creatures again;
For the wind is thy spirit's returning
And thy blessing descends as the rain!

5

O Father, in mercy unfailing
To pardon the souls that have strayed,
Loose thy dove from the net of the fowler—
Let thy folk sing thy praise, unafraid!
No merit we plead, but thy promise
That we bind on our brow, on our hand,
That we write on our gates—"In their seasons
I will send you the rains of your land!"

REFRAIN

Unlock now the rich store of thy treasures,
Send life to thy creatures again;
For the wind is thy spirit's returning
And thy blessing descends as the rain!

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN
Translated from the Hebrew of
SOLOMON IBN GABIROL

Thy praise, O Lord, will I proclaim
 In hymns unto thy glorious name;
 O thou Redeemer, Lord and King,
 Redemption to thy faithful bring!
 Before thine altar they rejoice
 With branch of palm and myrtle-
 stem;
 To thee they raise the prayerful
 voice—
 Have mercy, save and prosper them.

May'st thou in mercy manifold,
 Dear unto thee thy people hold,
 When at thy gate they bend the knee
 And worship and acknowledge thee.
 Do thou their hearts' desire fulfil,
 Rejoice with them in love this day,
 Forgive their sins, and thoughts of
 ill,
 And their transgressions cast away.

They overflow with prayer and
 praise
 To him, who knows the future days.
 Have mercy thou, and hear the
 prayer
 Of those who palms and myrtle bear.
 Thee day and night they sanctify
 And in perpetual song adore;
 Like to the heavenly host, they cry:
 "Blessed art thou for evermore."

ALICE LUCAS
 Translated from the Hebrew by Kalir

Father of mercies, God of love,
 Whose gifts all creatures share,
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord,
 was thine,
 The seasons know thy call;
 Thou mad'st the summer sun to
 shine,
 The summer dews to fall.

Thy gifts of mercy from above
 Matured the swelling grain;
 And now the harvest crowns thy
 love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook thy bounteous care;
 But what thy fatherly hand imparts,
 Accept with praise, and share.

From "Services and Prayers for
 Jewish Homes," printed by the
 Liberal Jewish Synagogue.

"Rejoice and be glad in rejoicing with the Torah" (Prayer Book)

This Feast of the Law all your gladness display,
 Today all your homages render.
 What profit can lead one so pleasant a way,
 What jewels can vie with its splendour?
 Then exult in the Law on its festival day,
 The Law is our Light and Defender.

My God I will praise in a jubilant lay,
 My hope in him never surrender,
 His glory proclaim where his chosen sons pray,
 My Rock all my trust shall engender.
 Then exult in the Law on its festival day,
 The Law is our Light and Defender.

My heart of thy goodness shall carol away,
 Thy praises I will ever render;
 While breath is, my lips all thy wonders shall say,
 Thy truth and thy kindness so tender.
 Then exult in the Law on its festival day,
 The Law is our Light and Defender.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL
 Translated from the Hebrew

Standing here as this day's sentries,	Let us hold our lines more closely,
Set to watch our little time;	Hear the order to advance!
Let us hear the past and future,	Grasp the shield of faith more tightly,
Calling us to deeds sublime.	Lift on high truth's flaming lance.
Children of heroic fathers,	Fight for every hope that's human,
We the future sires must be,	Fight to shatter every chain,
Yea, the coming generations	Fight till every man and woman
Look to us to make them free.	Owne heart and soul and brain.

By the ages' long endeavor,
 By all mankind's struggling aim,
 By our race and by our country,
 By each high and noble name.
 By the God of Hosts who leads us,
 By the future's dawning light,
 Swear to stand and swear to struggle
 Till earth's might shall mean its
 right.

Anon.**

We will praise, O Lord, thy grace,
 Rock and fortress of all pow'r,
 Thou in storm our hiding-place,
 Our defense and sheltering tow'r.
 O'er the foes assailing,
 Thou our strength unfailing!
 God the Lord, breaks their sword,
 O'er their hordes prevailing.

God was ever at our side,
 Though our numbers were but
 small;
 And we checked the Syrian's tide,
 Saw their ranks before us fall.
 Heroes young and hoary,
 Famed in song and story,
 Shed their blood for their God,
 Dying for his glory.

Kindling new the sacred light,
 Priests approved in suffering;
 Glorified the God of Right,
 Brought to him their offering.
 Father of creation,
 Rock of our salvation;
 Let thy love from above
 Ever crown thy nation.

Children of the Martyr-race,
 Whether free or fettered,
 Wake the echoes of the songs
 Where ye may be scattered.
 Yours the message cheering
 That the time is nearing,
 Which will see all men free,
 Tyrants disappearing.

LEOPOLD STEIN
 Translated by I. S. MOSES

111 Self-Dedication

Hanukkah Hymn

O Lord, thy children here to-day
 With grateful hearts before thee
 pray;
 With joy we bend before thy throne,
 To whom our inmost thoughts are
 known.

With wondrous might, from tyrant's
 hand
 Thou didst relieve the gallant band,
 The valiant few, who cleansed thy
 shrine,
 And caused once more its lights to
 shine.

We dedicate our lives to thee!
 O may our hearts thy temples be!
 O light within us, from above,
 The precious flames of truth and
 love!

Anon.

112 Hanukkah

*"One generation shall praise thy
 works to another"—Psalm 145:4*

Let children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old,
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

They bade us make his glories known,
 His work of power and grace;
 That we convey his wonders down
 Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 And practise his commands.

Composite

113 The Unchanging God

"For I the Eternal do not change"
—Malachi 3:6

Eternal One, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged
reveal,
With thee their way our fathers trod;
The hand they held, in ours we
feel.

We bless thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widen-
ing view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the
new.

With wider view, come loftier goal;
With fuller light, more good to
see;

With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence
be.

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy truth shall
lead;

Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (sel.)

114 Universal Praise

*"Let every soul praise the Lord,
Hallelujah" (Psalm 150)*

Come, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart, and voice and instrument.
Strike the viol, touch the lute;
Let no tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place:
And amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is he.

So this great wide world we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
And our song shall over-climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend from sphere to sphere
Bringing us to God more near.
Then, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

GEORGE WITHER **

115 Let the King of Glory Enter

O blessèd souls, forever blessed,
Where God as Sovereign is con-
fessed!

O happy hearts and blessed homes
To which God's message daily comes.

Fling wide the portals, O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart;
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Deliverer, come; we open wide
Our hearts to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let all, thy blessed presence feel;
O Soul of souls, thyself reveal.

Anon.

116 Hail the Glorious, Golden City

Hail the glorious Golden City,
Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

FELIX ADLER

117 The Coming Race

These things shall be,—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known
shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their
eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades
free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier
mould,
And mightier music thrill the
skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (sel.)

My country, 'tis of thee,—
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
 Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song!
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,—
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

119 A People Blest of God

Uplift the song of praise
 To him, our fathers' God!
 Who led them o'er the watery ways
 To lands untrod:
 Seed of a race to be,
 Upon his new-world shore;
 The home of law and liberty
 Forevermore.

Lift high the song of praise,
 O nation grown in power!
 Hold fast through good and evil days
 Thy glorious dower!
 The age-long hope fulfil,
 New-quicken'd at thy birth;
 Thy strength thy God, whose right-
 eous will
 Rules heaven and earth.

Lift high the song of praise
 And bless his holy name!
 Whose care above the passing days
 Abides the same:
 Our fathers' confidence,
 Through all their pilgrimage;
 Our dwelling-place and our defense
 From age to age.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (sel.)

120 O Beautiful My Country

O beautiful, my country!
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair;
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered;
 For thee they toiled and prayed;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
 Round thee in love we draw;
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law.
 Be righteousness thy scepter,
 Justice thy diadem;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם

שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִלֶּךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בָּרוּךְ הוּא:

בּוֹאֲכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִלֶּךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בָּרוּךְ הוּא:

בְּרָכוּנִי לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִלֶּךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בָּרוּךְ הוּא:

צִאתְכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִלֶּךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בָּרוּךְ הוּא:

The Sabbath Angels

Peace unto you, ye ministering angels,
Sent us from on high;
From him who is King, yea King above kings,
Holy One, blessed be he.

Come ye with peace, ye angels of peace,
Sent us from on high;
From him the King, yea King above kings,
Holy One, blessed be he.

Bless us with peace, ye angels of peace,
Sent us from on high;
From him the King, yea King above kings,
Holy One, blessed be he.

Farewell in peace, O ye angels of peace,
Sent us from on high;
From him who is King, yea King above kings,
Holy One, blessed be he.

בְּטָרֶם כָּל־יָצִיר נִבְרָא:	אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר מֶלֶךְ.
אֲזִי מֶלֶךְ שְׁמוֹ נִקְרָא:	לַעֲת נַעֲשֶׂה בְּחֶפְצוֹ כֹּל.
לְבַדּוֹ יִמְלֹךְ נִזְרָא:	וְאַחֲרֵי כִבְלוֹת הַכֹּל.
וְהוּא יְהִי בְּתַפְאָרָה:	וְהוּא הָיָה וְהוּא הֵנָּה.
לְהַמְשִׁיל לוֹ דְּהַחֲבִירָה:	וְהוּא אֶחָד וְאֵין שֵׁנִי.
וְלוֹ הָעֵז וְהַמְשָׁרָה:	בְּלִי רֵאשִׁית בְּלִי תַכְלִית.
וְצוֹר חֲבִלִי בַּעַת צָרָה:	וְהוּא אֵלִי וְחִי גֹאֲלִי.
מָנָת כּוֹסֵי בְּיוֹם אֶקְרָא:	וְהוּא נָסִי וּמְנוֹס לִי.
בַּעַת אֵישׁן וְאַעֲרָה:	בְּיָדוֹ אֶפְקִיד רוּחִי.
יְיָ לִי וְלֹא אֵיֶרָא:	וְעִסְדֵּרוּחִי גִּיְתִי.

*The Universal Lord**(In the metre of the Hebrew, without the rhyme)*

O Lord of All, thy kingdom was
 Ere yet of life, the earth knew aught;
 When by thy will, all things were
 formed,
 By all creation crownéd King.

The end of all shall some day be;
 Alone in splendor thou wilt reign,
 Who wast ere time, and art to-day,
 And wilt in glory be for aye.

Thou art alone with none to share,
 Beyond all likeness and compare;
 Thou wast the first, wilt be the last,
 All power thine and thine all reign.

Thou art my God, Redeemer thou—
 My sorrow's strength in trouble's
 hour;
 My refuge thou and banner mine,
 My cup's full share whene'er I cry.

To thee, my spirit I commit
 Both when asleep and when awake—
 With soul, my body I submit,
 With me art thou, I need not fear.

MAX D. KLEIN
 Translated from the Hebrew

Praised Be the Living God

Translation of the Yigdal

The living God, O magnify and bless,
Transcending Time and here eternally.

One Being, yet unique in unity;
A mystery of Oneness measureless.

Lo! form or body he has none, and man
No semblance of his holiness can frame.

Before Creation's dawn he was the same;
The first to be, though never he began.

He is the world's and every creature's Lord;
His rule and majesty are manifest,

And through his chosen, glorious sons exprest
In prophecies that through their lips are poured.

Yet never like to Moses rose a seer,
Permitted glimpse behind the veil divine.

This faithful prince of God's prophetic line
Received the Law of Truth for Israel's ear.

The Law God gave he never will amend,
Nor ever by another Law replace.

Our secret things are spread before his face;
In all beginnings he beholds the end.

The saint's reward he measures to his meed;
The sinner reaps the harvest of his ways.

Messiah he will send at end of days,
And all the faithful to salvation lead.

God will the dead again to life restore
In his abundance of almighty love.

Then blessed be his Name, all names above,
And let his praise resound for evermore.

יגדל אֱלֹהִים חַי וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח נִמְצָא וְאֵין עַת אֶל־מִצִּיאֹתוֹ:
 אֶחָד וְאֵין יְחִיד כִּיחֻדוֹ נֶעְלַם וְגַם אֵין סוּף לְאַחֲדוּתוֹ:
 אֵין לוֹ דְּמוּת הַגּוֹף וְאֵינוֹ גּוֹף לֹא נֶעְרֹךְ אֵלָיו קִדְשָׁתוֹ:
 קִדְמוֹן לְכָל־דָּבָר אֲשֶׁר נִבְרָא ראשון וְאֵין רֵאשִׁית לְרֵאשִׁיתוֹ:
 הֵנוּ אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם לְכָל נוֹצֵר יוֹרֵה גְדֻלָּתוֹ וּמַלְכוּתוֹ:
 שֹׁפֵעַ נְבוֹאָתוֹ נִתְּנוֹ אֶל־אֲנָשִׁי סִגְלָתוֹ וְתַפְאֲרָתוֹ:
 לֹא קָם בְּיִשְׂרָאֵל כְּמֹשֶׁה עוֹד נָבִיא וּמַבִּיט אֶת־תְּמוּנָתוֹ:
 תּוֹרַת אֱמֶת נָתַן לַעֲמוֹ אֵל עַל־יַד נְבִיאָו נֶאֱמַן בֵּיתוֹ:
 לֹא יִחְלִיף הָאֵל וְלֹא יִמִּיר דָּתוֹ לְעוֹלָמִים לְזוּלָתוֹ:
 צוּפָה וְיוֹדֵעַ סִתְּרֵינוּ מַבִּיט לְסוּף דָּבָר בְּקִדְמוּתוֹ:
 גּוֹמֵל לְאִישׁ חֶסֶד כְּמַפְעֵלוֹ נוֹתֵן לְרָשָׁע רַע כְּרִשְׁעָתוֹ:
 יִשְׁלַח לְקֹץ יָמִין מְשִׁיחֵנוּ לְפָדוֹת מַחְבֵּי קֹץ יְשׁוּעָתוֹ:
 מֵתִים יַחֲיֶה אֵל בְּרַב־חֶסֶדוֹ בְּרוּךְ עַד־עַד שֵׁם תְּהִלָּתוֹ:

None is like our God ;
 None is like our Lord ;
 None is like our King ;
 None is like our Saviour .

Who is like our God ?
 Who is like our Lord ?
 Who is like our King ?
 Who is like our Saviour ?

We give praise to our God ;
 We give praise to our Lord ;
 We give praise to our King ;
 All praise to our Saviour .

Blessed now be our God ;
 Blessed now be our Lord ;
 Blessed now be our King ;
 Blessed be our Saviour .

Thou indeed art our God ;
 Thou indeed art our Lord ;
 Thou indeed art our King ;
 Thou art our Saviour .

אין באלהינו
 אין באדונינו
 אין במלכנו
 אין במושיענו :

מי באלהינו
 מי באדונינו
 מי במלכנו
 מי במושיענו :

נוֹדָה לַאלֹהִינוּ
 נוֹדָה לַאֲדֹנֵינוּ
 נוֹדָה לַמֶּלֶכְנוּ
 נוֹדָה לַמוֹשִׁיעֵנו :

בָּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ
 בָּרוּךְ אֲדֹנֵינוּ
 בָּרוּךְ מֶלֶכְנוּ
 בָּרוּךְ מוֹשִׁיעֵנו :

אֵתָהּ הוּא אֱלֹהֵינוּ
 אֵתָהּ הוּא אֲדֹנֵינוּ
 אֵתָהּ הוּא מֶלֶכְנוּ
 אֵתָהּ הוּא מוֹשִׁיעֵנו :

God, I pray thee, grant thy people
Just their daily bread;
Not the bread of strife and friction,
Not the bread of sad affliction—
Tearless daily bread;
Not the bread by slaves desired,
Not the bread by shame acquired—
Honest daily bread;
That they may no longer gather
Crumbs from wealthy tables—Father,
Give their daily bread!

God, I pray thee, grant thy people
Just a little pride;
Not the pride that severs brothers,
Seeing only faults in others—
True and noble pride;
That their young, and brave, and
healthy,
That their wise, and strong, and
wealthy,
Drift not with the tide;
That whate'er in life their stations,
Theirs be noble aspirations—
God, O give them pride!

God, I pray thee, grant thy people
Shelter and a home;
Not a home that swords acquire,
Not a home of blood and fire—
Just a peaceful home;
That they may not ever wander,
Torn and rent in parts asunder,
Tramp the earth and roam;
That their bond be never shattered,
That they be no longer scattered—
God, O bring them home!

PHILIP M. RASKIN (sel.)

Be still! be still! for all around,
On either hand is holy ground;
Within his house, the Lord to-day
Will hearken while his people pray.

Thou tossed upon the waves of care,
About to sink with deep despair,
Pray for relief with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is near.

And thou, with dear ones far away
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust in God who listens here.

Thou too, now mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

Anon.**